

the rain arrives (from heaven?) in melancholic sheets
bundling you up in old gray army blankets of downpour.
One sad day blends, puddles into the others
forming whole winters of wet impression
to sog and bog down the mind.

Go then for a long, pointless drive. Roadside junk,
bare old houses needing paint. Hound dogs
slinking off in the rain. The half green half gray trees
insulted by Spring's quick disappearance
make sad comment in remote countries.

Back to town, butt numb, for groceries. Purple
squids of clouds spilling their torpid ink in the sky
above a parking lot of rain dropped automobiles.

And for a false Spring, benign flamingos
from Fred Meyers' gardening department
standing on one rigid steel leg, the other tucked up
under, among 98¢ tubs of moss, eternally drowsy,
puffed pink might grace your garden.

THIS LADY

This lady is rich
and also reads poetry
quite a find!

Beautiful too, and hot stuff
in nice clothes.

She gives me a lift
after the reading
to her father's mansion

and lets me drive
my choice of
27 pristine classic cars.

A good way
to begin a friendship.